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# THE Sad and Lamentable Condition OF THE PROTESTANTS IN IRELAND.

BEING

An Account of the Barbarous Proceedings of the *Natives* againſt the *ENGLISH.*

AS ALSO

Of the *Facility* of reſcuing thoſe *Diſtreſſed* PROTESTANTS out of the Hands of the *Bloody* PAPISTS, provided there be a ſpeedy Supply from *ENGLAND.*

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# THE Sad and lamentable Condition OF THE PROTESTANTS IN IRELAND.

## With an Account of the Barbarous Proceedings of the Natives againſt the *ENGLISH*, &c.

THAT the Proteſtants in *Ireland* are under very great and lamentable Calamities, there is nothing more certain, from the daily repeated, moſt ſad and miſerable Relations of their Condition. It is a ſad thing for them that are upon the ſpot, to ſee *Tyrconnil* and his Adherents ſo Triumphantly carrying all things before him, diſarming whom he pleaſes, impriſoning whom he pleaſes, and preparing all things among the Proteſtants for an abſolute Irreſiſtance againſt Extirpation and

Maſſacre; which is a ſufficient Teſtimony of the Barbarity and Inhumanity of thoſe Prieſts and Jeſuits, who animate and encourage them to ſuch Acts of Cruelty and Irreligion. But when we conſider that *Ireland* has been, as it were, ſet up for ſome years againſt *England*, and what Levies and Reinforcements have been ſent for thence, in all probability to aſſiſt the bringing of Popery and Slavery into *England*, it is not to be wondred at, that there ſhould be ſo much Virulency among the *Iriſh* againſt the *Engliſh*. It is not the firſt time that the Queſtion has been ſolemnly debated among the *Iriſh*, What Courſe ſhould be taken with the *Engliſh*, and all others that were found in the whole Kingdom to be Proteſtants: And by their ſubſequent Practices it appears, That no leſs than another general Maſſacre is intended. For no Man can be ignorant of the Contrivances of the Popiſh Clergy in *Ireland*, ever ſince the Conqueſt of that Kingdom, to ſhake off the Engliſh Government; nor of the horrid and barbarous Cruelties they have practiſed thereunto. For their Ignorance produces ſo blind a Superſtition to the Popiſh Religion, that they will moſt willingly venture their Lives, and whatever their many Rebellions have left them, to farther any thing which they are made believe, tends to the Honour of Holy Church. On the other ſide, their Malice to the *Engliſh*, who poſſeſs good part of their Eſtates, is ſo great, that they would be content to be in a worſe Condition to a Foreigner, ſo that they might but gratifie their Revenge ſo far, as to have the *Engliſh* equal Sufferers with them.

And yet it is as Evident that the *Romiſh* Clergy of *Ireland*, have had, both publickly and privately, the Enjoyment and exerciſe of their Religion, according to the Church of *Rome*, more freely ſince the Reign of *CHARLES* the Firſt, than in ſeveral Years before, by the extraordinary Indulgence of the late Governours. They have had their Titular Primates, Archbiſhops, Biſhops, Vicar General, Provincial Conſiſtories, Deans, Abbots, Priors, *&c.* who all liv'd Free, though ſomewhat covertly among them, and exerciſed their Juriſdictions over the People without controul. They had alſo their Prieſts, Jeſuits and Friars of late years multiplied into ſwarms, and in great numbers returned out of *Italy*, *France* and *Spain*, and other Foreign Parts, where the Children of the Natives, devoted that way, were uſually ſent to receive their Education, much to the Damage and Diſadvantage of the Proteſtants, and no leſs of the Papiſts themſelves, would they but conſider what Miſeries they have endured, and may again be precipitated into, by the means of the ignorant Popiſh Prieſts, who know no other Religion but the Enjoyment of their Glebes and Monaſteries.

But that which cauſes the greateſt Admiration, is, That the Noblemen, Private Gentlemen, and others, that are Roman Catholicks, and enjoy great part of their Eſtates, if not all, ſhould be ſo infatuated and miſled by ſuch a parcel of bloody and deſigning Hypocrites, to act contrary, not only to their Allegiance, but their Honour and their Intereſt to boot; forgetting the Calamities, by their Means and Induſtry, brought upon the Kingdom of *Ireland*, to the utter Ruine and

Deſtruction

Deſtruction of many Thouſands of the *Engliſh*, but of many of their own Nation and Relations.

To bring about theſe barbarous deſigns, to extirpate the *Engliſh* Nation, the *Iriſh* had great expectations from the *French*, who were to have Landed by Inſtructions, either in the County of *Kerry* or the Province of *Munſter*, and to have had *Limerick*, and all the Forts and Caſtles of theſe parts of *Ireland* put into their hands; and now having the ſame expectations from the *French* to be Headed by the late King, their great Friend and Patron, is that which carries them to thoſe extraordinary heighths of Inſolencies wherein they now reign. 'Tis certain, that the diſorders, which the bad Counſels given to that Perſon, brought *England* into that diſorder and confuſion, which render it uncapable to give that ſpeedy aid which the preſent condition of *Ireland* requires; but they conſider not in the mean time how often the *French* have deceived them, and what little encouragement they have to give their aſſiſtance, in a Country where their friends muſt bring all their ſubſiſtance along with them, all their Arms and Ammunition, and without continual ſupplies, will find but cold comfort in the depopulated Bogs of *Ireland*.

But ſuch is the violence of the Popiſh Prieſts and Jeſuits in *Ireland*, that their fury and bloodthirſtineſs cares not how it precipitates to the worſt of Actions. How ſad a thing it muſt be for the Proteſtants to be ſuch ſufferers, and how cruel for the Papiſts with ſuch unrelenting Hearts to behold their miſeries, but more eſpecially to be actors in them? What a ſad face of a City muſt that be, where

Guards

Guards are ſet in every ſtreet, at every door of the ſeveral Houſes, and then for the Proteſtants to be required to bring forth their Arms upon pain of lying at the mercy of the Souldiers, both Lives and Goods? If this be not the fore-runner of a Maſſacre, what can be thought other?

To juſtify this, *Tyrconnil* Declares, That being certainly informed of the P. of *Orange*'s intentions to Invade *Ireland*, and that upon Landing, he will endeavour to poſſeſs himſelf of all the Arms, Ammunition and Horſes in the cuſtody of private Perſons, as well to ſtrengthen his own Party, as to weaken his Maſters Intereſt, he thought fit to ſeize upon all the Arms and ſerviceable Horſes in the City and Suburbs of *Dublin*, and commanded all the Inhabitants to repair with all their Arms, of what nature ſoever, to the Pariſh Churches, and there deliver them to appointed Receivers: Declaring farther withal, That if any ſuch Arms ſhould be found, upon ſearch, in the Houſes of any Proteſtants, after the publiſhing of his Orders, the Perſons where ſuch Arms ſhould be found, muſt run the riſque of the ill conſequences, by diſorders from the Souldiers.

And thus the game, under ſpecious pretences, is about to begin; for, it is but conveighing a Piſtol or a Baggonet into the Houſe of any eminent Proteſtant; which ſo ſoon as it ſhall be found, upon a pretended ſearch, then the Souldiers and the Rabble ſhall be all let looſe together to cut the Proteſtants Throats.

Other Ravages of the ſame nature are daily committed in the Country, and managed with more ſeverity, and they that make oppoſition are plundered of all. Even they who had the Lord Deputy's Protection and Licence to keep Arms to defend their Houſes, were beſieg'd and more hardly uſed on that very ſcore; in ſo much, that Sir *Arthur Longford*, Mr. *Barton* of *Carrickma-Croſs*, and Mr. *Price*, loſt all their Goods, and ſome of them were made Priſoners. Sir *Thomas Newcomen* too is ſaid to be in the ſame Condition; it being certainly reported, That though he had a Protection and Licence for Arms for Twenty Men, the *Iriſh* Papiſts broke into his Houſe, and did not leave the worth of a Groat.

In a word, the ſad and lamentable Condition of the Proteſtants in *Ireland*, by the Violences of the *Iriſh*, exceeds all the Relation that can be given of it. For theſe barbarous Villains not only quarter upon the poor Proteſtants, but rob and ſpoil them of their Money, Goods and Cattle. On the 25*th*. of the laſt Month, about Midnight, a great number of *Iriſh* Horſe and Foot entred into *Cork*; they diſarmed all the Proteſtants in the Town, and the next day ſeized all their Horſes, and broke into the Houſes of ſeveral of the principal Citizens, from whence they tookgreat ſumms of Money, committing the ſame Villainies in all the Villages of that Neighbourhood. Neither fare the Proteſtants better in *Munſter*, *Lemſter* and *Connaught*; for there they have not only diſſeized them of their Inheritances, but alſo have plunder'd them of their Arms, Goods and Horſes; and not content with depriving them of all their ſubſiſtance, have put many of the chiefeſt of them

them in Priſon. In *Dublin* the Proteſtants are all diſarm'd, their Horſes taken from them, and many of them plunder'd and cruelly treated by the Souldiers, who have alſo ſeiz'd on both the Cathedrals and the College; ſtopping all the Ships, and the poor diſtreſſed Paſſengers that offer to make their eſcape out of the hands of theſe bloody Monſters.

But we need no other inſtance of the Barbarity and Treachery of the *Iriſh*, than the ill Treatment of the worthy Captain *Boyle* by Lieutenant-General *Macarty*; who, on the Twenty ſixth of the laſt Month, with a conſiderable Body of Horſe, and two Field Pieces, marched towards *Caſtlemartir*, the Houſe of the ſaid Captain *Boyle*, who had with him about One hundred and forty Gentlemen and Servants to defend themſelves againſt the Violences of the *Iriſh*. But being perſwaded to make no Reſiſtance, upon the Promiſe of the Lieutenant General, That neither their Perſons or Eſtates ſhould be moleſted; yet notwithſtanding this, without having any regard thereto, *Macarty* cauſed the Houſe to be plunder'd, and Captain *Boyle*, with many of the Gentlemen to be carried Priſoners to *Corke*.

On the other ſide, the Proceedings of *Tyrconnil* cannot chooſe but fluſh the new-rais'd Souldiers and all the Popiſh Party, who finding the Forces and Succors promis'd to the Proteſtants in *England* ſo long delay'd, pamper themſelves up that a day of Accompt will never come, and therefore ſpeak with contempt of the *Iriſh* Succours, deſpiſe the alteration of Government in *England*, and talk loudly of Invading even *England* it ſelf within a few Months. More than this, they were ſo bold, as upon a report of the late

King's being Landed from *France* at *Kingſale* in *Munſter*, the Papiſts took the Alarm in the North of *Ireland*, and Three Regiments of Horſe of *Tyrconnil*'s Crew, quartering in and about *Belturbet*, in the County of *Cavan*, were reſolved to execute their fury upon the Proteſtants thereabouts. To which purpoſe, Orders were preſently given to the ſaid Three Regiments to March, under the Command of Major *Reily*, a notorious Papiſt, though a cowardly fellow, toward *Caſtle-ſanderſon*, which is about three Miles diſtance from the ſaid Town; where Captain *Sanderſon*, and Captain *Williams*, both good Proteſtants, and Men of undaunted Courage and Reſolution, together with moſt of the Proteſtants in that County, and as many Forces as they could raiſe, were retired for ſafety. Who having Intelligence of the deſign, drew up their Men upon a Plain before the Caſtle, and formed them into Troops and Companies, to the number of Four Hundred Horſe, and Eight hundred Foot, the moſt of them pretty well Armed, declaring they would die upon the Place before they would yield to *Tyrconnil*'s Party; and were as good as their Words: For as Major *Reily* appeared with his Horſe the next day in the Afternoon, the Proteſtants boldly advanced toward him and his Party, gave them an utter Defeat, took himſelf and Four of his Captains Priſoners, *viz.* Captain *Gutre*, Captain *Mac-mahon*, Captain *Reily*, and Captain *Foy*; the reſt fled, leaving moſt of their Arms and Horſes behind them; while Captain *Sanderſon* ſent Four of his Troops, and poſſeſſed himſelf of *Belturbet*, and all the Proviſions which the Papiſts had left in the Town. By which it appears

pears, that while the ſame Courage remains in the Hearts of the Proteſtants, and the ſame Cowardice poſſeſſes the Minds of the Papiſts, by timely Aſſiſtance from *England*, it would be no difficult thing to reduce that Kingdom to his Majeſty's and the Proteſtant Intereſt. Nevertheleſs the diſadvantage will be very great to thoſe who are under the full Force and Power of theſe blood-thirſty Rebels.

This little Proſpect therefore between the Courage of the Proteſtants, and the Defect of Valour in the Popiſh *Iriſh*, notwithſtanding *Tyrconnil*'s Bravado's upon uncertain Hopes, one would think ſhould draw the *Iriſh* Papiſts, were they not infatuated by their Prieſts and Jeſuits, into a conſideration, whether they have Force enough and Courage of their own to defend their Country from the Power of the *Engliſh*, and thoſe of their own Country, when Aſſociated together. For if they have not, it would be certainly their moſt prudent way to lay down their Arms in Seaſon, and ſubmit to that Government, under which they have always liv'd in Peace and Security, but when they themſelves diſturb'd and provoked it. When they had butcher'd ſeveral hundreds of peaceable Proteſtants living among them, though they had the Pope's Bleſſing and his Bulls of Pardon, and his *Nuncio* to Head them, and Promiſes from *Spain* to Aſſiſt them; and though they ſtarted their Rebellion at a time when *Scotland*, and, preſently after, *England*, by the Arts of the ſame jeſuitical Incendiaries, that blew them into a Flame, were ingaged in a common Combuſtion, and conſequently in the Eye of Reaſon were unable to yield any Aſſiſtance towards the cruſhing their Helliſh Deſigns: they cannot

forget that Providence was pleaſed to defeat their Projects, to blaſt their Enterpriſes, and give them up to ſo total a Conqueſt, that at laſt they became the Scorn of all the World, and there wanted but little to render them as odious and contemptible, and as *Jews*.

As for Foreign Aid, the *Iriſh* would do well to conſider, how little there is to be expected from *France*, that has its hands full already, and is every day in Expectance of more work, and when they have engaged themſelves beyond going back, they muſt expect to depend upon the Charity and Diſcretion of their Aſſiſtants whether they will Aid them or no; at leaſt their Supplies will be but faint and ſmall. Where-ever the King of *France* Aſſiſts he loves always and deſigns no other than to get good Footing for himſelf; and then as the Duke of *Medina Celi* ſaid, They will find his Sword will know no difference between a Catholick and a Heretick, but that he comes to make way for himſelf; and that though they themſelves are Catholicks, the *French* will look upon their Eſtates to be Hereticks. Though on the other ſide, ſuppoſing that the King of *France* in pure Charity and Commiſeration of their Condition, ſhould put an Army into his Fleet, with an intention to Land in *Ireland*, unleſs he were Prince of the Air, and could command the Sea and Tempeſts, he is not ſure to Land them. So that ſince there is no Confidence to be put in the Power of any Foreign Prince, as it would be their Duty, ſo it would be their Wiſdom to rely upon the Goodneſs of their now Natural Prince, whoſe Mercy and Indulgence is ſo well known.

But

But however, if they will continue in their wicked and horrid Practices, there is no queſtion to be made but the ſame care and means will be uſed by Authority which has been formerly obſerved, as well to recover ſo large a Portion of the Engliſh Dominions, to puniſh the Obſtinacy of the Rebels, and to ſecure it againſt all Foreign Power whatſoever, by cutting off their Correſpondence with any Foreign Prince or State; by keeping up convenient Garriſons; by the Execution of wholeſom Laws to alter their miſchievous Conſtitutions; by a Miniſtry well ſettled to Civilize and Inſtruct them; and by taking ſtrict care to puniſh all Prieſts and Jeſuits, that are the Nurſes of Rebellion, Diſturbers of State, mortal Enemies to all Proteſtant Government, and more eſpecially the common Incendiaries of the Kingdom of *Ireland*.

'Tis very true, that it is a *French* Maxim, That a Man ought not to be a Slave to his Word; that Intereſt is Right, and all things lawful that make for Princes Glory and Grandeur. Suppoſe therefore he ſhould permit ſome of his Forces to go over into *Ireland*, as he did to the Succour of *Portugal* againſt the *Pyrenean* Treaty, and that the *Iriſh* Papiſts ſhould join with them, it will moſt aſſuredly, as far as the Proſpect of humane Judgment will reach, prove their Confuſion and Ruine. Conſidering how early an Army may be tranſmitted out of *England* and *Scotland* into *Ireland*, and what an obſtinate Defence the Proteſtants, who are already there embodied will make, before they will depart from their Eſtates, which they now enjoy, and which they have acquired

quired with ſo much Expence of Blood. The *French* have Reaſon to underſtand and remember the *Engliſh* Gallantry. Or, if they have forgot, let them but call to mind *Poitiers*, *Agin-Court*, or *Crecy*, and they will inform them. But in Caſe the *French* King ſhould own the Action, and vigorouſly appear in their Defence; without Queſtion there are ſome ſo highly concern'd in point of Intereſt, conſidering the preſent Alliances of *England*, and the Situation of that Kingdom, that he will draw upon him the greateſt Naval Power of *Europe*; and of what pernicious Conſequence that may be to his Glory, is ſuitable to his Judgment to conſider: Except he could Poſt his Naval as he uſed to do his Land-Forces, that they could not be Attacked; and yet that Imagination was confuted at the Relief of *Mons*. Moreover, in Caſe the *French* King ſhould Tranſport an Army into *Ireland*, the Conqueſt of it would not prove to be in an Inſtant, but a Work of Time; and the more Forces were ſent thither, the *Iriſh*, for want of Proviſion would be the ſooner undone, in regard that a Famine has always put a period to all Invaſions and Rebellions in that Kingdom; nor can it be rationally conceived that the *French* can be able to relieve them by Sea, when they are like to have ſo great a Power againſt them. For that if the *French* King keep the Sea, they will certainly be fought with; and then let them conſider the Conſequence. Or if they keep within *Breſt*, which is the only Port of *France*, from whence the *Iriſh* can expect Relief, they have no ſmall Reaſon to expect to be block'd up, and that their Ships may be Fired in the Port. And indeed the Glory of that

Action

Action of *Blake*, at the *Canaries*, is worthy of their great Conſideration, who entred their Port, and Fired all their Ships in Harbour, notwithſtanding there were Thirteen Block-Houſes, Caſtles and Works, where an innumerable multitude of Cannon were planted, and Fired moſt furiouſly upon the *Engliſh* Ships. For where there is a good Wind and Tide, and noble Reſolutions, as they need not Queſtion but to find among the *Iriſh*, there is but little occaſion to fear any Artillery whatever. And more than all this, let the *Iriſh* call to mind the Succeſs which they had, when they were encouraged by the *Spaniard*, and aſſiſted by the Pope to Rebel; the *Spaniard* being then the moſt Potent Prince in *Europe*.

So that it is not rational for the *Iriſh* to think, that *France* will ever give them any rational Aſſiſtance, but may engage them in a Rebellion, and then leave them to ſhift for themſelves; and ſo their Rebellion will be no more than a means to bring Ruine and Extirpation upon themſelves and their Poſterity. The *Iriſh* would do well to conſider the late, but never to be forgotten Caſe, of the *Meſſineſes*, who fled to the Protection of the *French*; who after they had by their Taxes and Oppreſſions drained away all their Money, deſerted them, and left them expoſed to the diſpleaſure of the enraged *Spaniard*, and to all the Miſeries and Calamities that Revenge could bring upon them. The *Iriſh* would do well to let this Example be an Anſwer to all the *French* Charms their Prieſts ſhall lay before

fore them; and to make them take time to conſider, that if they will be ſo imprudent, and deſperately Wicked, as to caſt off their Obedience to a Good, a Juſt and Gracious Prince, whether the ſame Fate and Calamities may not attend them as have done the *Meſſineſes*.

'Tis true, there was a Horrid Maſſacre of the *Engliſh*, committed by the *Iriſh*, after they had liv'd together for Forty Years in the greateſt Security and Happineſs imaginable. Yet afterwards, notwithſtanding ſuch a Maſſacre, they were ſo broken by the *Engliſh*, that there was ſcarce an *Iriſh*-man in *Ireland* that durſt hold up his hand againſt them, and the Kingdom became ſo depopulated, that conſidering the vaſt number of People that were deſtroyed by thoſe Three great Judgments of Heaven, the Sword, Famine and Plague, there did not remain alive above the eighth part of the *Engliſh* Nation, the whole Country being waſted and conſumed. So that for ſometimes Ten, ſometimes Twenty Miles together, all the Kingdom over, a Traveller ſhould not behold either Man, Bird or Beaſt; the very Fowls of the Air and wild Beaſts of the Field being either Dead, or having forſaken thoſe unfortunate Deſolations. While Thouſands of the *Iriſh* lay daily ſtarving for want of Food, but what in their Extremity they got by feeding on the Souldiers Horſes, for which they paid many times with the loſs of their Lives. Nay, the Famine at laſt grew to that height, that they not only fed upon Horſes, but upon dead Bodies. digg'd up again out of their Graves. A ſad Tragedy, which it is heartily wiſh'd may never be acted over again;

again; more eſpecially ſince his Majeſty has with ſo much Grace and Compaſſion to the *Iriſh* Nation, expreſſed in ſeveral of his Declarations, his Royal Intentions, to reſtore them to all Enjoyments, which good and dutiful Subjects can expect under ſo good and merciful a Prince. Therefore, at ſuch a Juncture as this, to embrue their Hands in the Blood of their Fellow Subjects, and rebel againſt a Prince ſo clement and ſo faithful to his Promiſes, and ſo bring upon themſelves the ſame Calamities or worſe, if poſſible, by betraying the Kingdom into the Hands of a foreign Power, are Acts ſo full of Horror and Amazement, that no Men, one would think, could be ſo ungratefully wicked.

Now that the Lord *Tyrconnil* may be enabled to beware by other mens Harms, we ſhall give him theſe following Hints.

*Con Oneale*, ſirnamed *Bacco*, or the *Lame*, was ſuch an enemy to the *Engliſh*, that he left a ſolemn Curſe upon his Poſterity, if ever they ſow'd Wheat, ſpake *Engliſh*, or built Houſes: To him ſucceeded *Shane Oneale*, who not content with the title of Earl of *Tyrone*, conferr'd upon his Father by *Henry* VIII. would make himſelf greater by a barbarous kind of Election, throwing up his Shooe over his Head, and taking upon him the Title of *Oneale*, took up Arms againſt Queen *Elizabeth*; but finding himſelf too weak, he went into *England*, attended by his Guard of Gallowglaſſes, bare-headed, curl'd long hair, yellow Frocks dy'd with Saffron or Urine, long Sleeves, ſhort Coats, and ſhaggy Mantles. And thus attended, he fell down at the Queen's feet, confeſs'd his Crime and Rebellion, with howling, and ſo obtain'd his Pardon.

However, he continued not long in his obedience, but ingratefully ſcorning the Title of Earl of *Tyrone*,



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Baron of *Duncannon*, conferr'd upon him by the Queen, he would again of his own head aſſume the great Name of *Oneale*, vaunt himſelf K. of *Ulſter*, Leavy Forces, and offer the Kingdom of *Ireland* to *Mary* Queen of *Scots*; and ſo hated the *Engliſh*, that he built a Caſtle upon the *Lake Eaugh*, which he called *Foughnegal*, or *hatred to the Engliſh*. Nay, he hang'd ſome of his own Men becauſe they eat *Engliſh* Bread. Thus he created ſome troubles; but at laſt, in his Cups, was ſtabb'd by thoſe he moſt confided in.

*Fitz-Morrice* was ſo hunted from place to place, by the valour and induſtry of Sir *John Perrott*, Lord Preſident of *Munſter*; that being at laſt forc'd to ſubmit himſelf to the Queen's Mercy, he found out the Preſident then at Church at *Killmalock*, and with a hideous howling and crying, beſought his Pardon. *Perrott* caus'd the Rebel to take the point of his naked Sword in his hand, and ſet it to his own Breſt, in token that he had receiv'd his Life at the Queen's hands.

*Stukely*, who told Queen *Elizabeth*, that he would rather be Sovereign of a Mole-hill, than the higheſt Subject to the greateſt Monarch in Chriſtendom, Shipp'd himſelf for *Italy*, where according to his nature, boaſting of his own worth and actions, he carried himſelf ſo cunningly, that at laſt by his own commendations and flatteries, he wrought himſelf into the eſteem and favour of *Pius* the V. whom he perſwaded, that with 3000 Men he would drive the *Engliſh* out of *Ireland*, and fire all their Fleet.

But this Pope dying, *Gregory* the XIII. ſucceeded him, who being carried on with the ſame deſires, bare the ſame favour to poor *Stukely*, hoping to get the Kingdom of *Ireland* for his own Son, *John Buon Campagno*, whom he had made Marquels of *Vineola*; and

and of this Royalty, *Stukely* assur'd him to that degree, that the proud Bastard began to think of nothing but Crowns and Scepters. And thus the Pope and his Son were full of hopes of a new Kingdom; and the better to countenance that boasting Factor, as if all *Ireland* were his own, honours him with the Titles of *Baron of Ross*, *Viscount Morough*, Earl of *Wexford* and *Caterlogh*, and Marquis of *Lemster*. And thus with a Muster of Titles, and a Band of Eight hundred *Italian* Foot, with a Plenary Indulgence for *Stukely*'s Soul to avoid Purgatory, the *Irish* Champion, with his Titles and Followers, arrives at the Mouth of the River *Teio* in *Portugal*; at what time King *Sebastian* was setting forward for *Africa*. *Sebastian* hearing of his Arrival, would needs go to see him, and perswade him to venture his Fortune with him, in his *Mauritanian* Expedition. And *Stukely*'s vain Glory was such, that forgetting his *Irish* Affairs, he suffered himself to be over-ruled by the young Prince, and was slain with him in the same Battle; and so *Buon Compagno* lost his Kingdom, and he all his Titles.

And now, *James Fitz-Morrice*, that had been so lately received into the Queen's Favour, steals into *France*, and addressing himself to *Henry* III. offers him the Kingdom of *Ireland*; only desires a small Force to beat out the *English*, and subdue the Nation to the *French* Obedience. But *Henry*, streightned between the *Guisians* and the *Hugonetts*, rejects his Proposition.

*Philip* the Second of *Spain* lends him a more gracious Ear, sends him to *Gregory* XIII. and joins with one *Saunders*, and *Allan* an *Irish* Man, both Doctors and Priests. The first was by the Pope declared his *Nuncio* for *Ireland*, and Blessed with a consecrated Banner, to be known by its *Cross-Keys*. Thus Sanctified with an Infallible Authority, and a little Money in their Fists, with Letters of Recommendation to the *Spanish* King;

King; they haſten into *Spain*, thence Ship for *Ireland*, and Land in *Kerry*.

The *Iriſh* informed of the coming of their *Spaniſh* and Papal Friends, riſe up in Rebellion, in which *Deſmond* was not the leaſt; who for the greater advantage of the Cauſe, murthered *Henry Davils*, an old *Engliſh* Gentleman, and a brave old Souldier, his intimate Acquaintance, whom he uſed to call Father; together with his Servants; all whom he butcher'd in their Beds, when they leaſt dreamt of any ſuch Treachery. Which *Saunders* commended as a ſweet Sacrifice in the ſight of God.

As for *Fitz-Morrice*, he thinking to raiſe the Rebels in other places to his Aſſiſtance, took a particular Road; but his Horſes tiring upon the way, he plundered freſh Horſes from one *William Burgh*'s Plough. Whereupon *Burgh*'s Sons follow him to reſcue their Father's Goods, Charge *Fitz-Morrice* and kill him. *Fitz-Morrice* thus ſlain, *Deſmond* takes his Place, fights the *Engliſh*, but is routed, and *Allan* the Prieſt, who had aſſured them of Victory by virtue of the Pope's hallowed Banner, is ſlain.

The *Italians* and *Spaniards* who had Landed in *Kerry*, began to Fortifie themſelves in a Place which they call'd the *Fortreſs of Gold*. Againſt them March the Lord *Grey* Lord Deputy, and the Earl of *Ormond*; and by a Trumpet ſent to demand of them who they were, and what their Buſineſs was there? They anſwered, That they were ſent from the Pope and the King of *Spain*, to whom the Pope had given *Ireland*; for that *Elizabeth* had juſtly forfeited her Title to the Kingdom, and therefore they would keep what they had got, and get more if they could. But their Courage was ſoon cool'd, for they were forc'd to yield upon Mercy; the Captains being only ſav'd, the reſt put to the Sword.

As for *Saunders*, he ſeeing that neither the Pope's Bleſſing, nor his conſecrated Banner, nor his legantine Power, nor his foreign Aſſociates, nor native Rebels could prevail againſt the Fortune of the *Engliſh*, rambled up and down among the Woods and Mountains for his own Security, and died miſerable. And ſuch we hope will be the ill Succeſs of all thoſe that reſiſt the lawful Sovereignty of King *William* and Queen *Mary*.

CAMBRIDGE 1870 BRADSHAW COLL.

*FINIS.*